DAVE MARTIN, FRONTIERSMAN, AND HIS HALFBREED BRIDE.

Marriage Ceremony in New Mexico at Which Kansas City People Were Guests-The Bride's Wedding Dress.

Our party is now five days northwest of Santa Fe. We expect, so the drivers tell me, to reach the Chama river in two days. Far ahead are the Gallinas mountains through which we pass, and beyond which is a fertile valley. We have seen fertile valleys before. Fertility has a variable criterion, one finds as he travels and observes. Here the word means less barren; less of cactus only, more of sage brush and sparsely dotted ironwoods, with here and there a creek bottom in which cottonwood and coarse grasses grow. Little hamlets find shelter from Santa Aras and sand storms in the leas of configurative ecidents of the country. In one of these villages, Abiquin, I was told we should stop for the night two days later. There was going to be a big wedding there and our drivers had been invited. On their way out drivers had been invited. On their way out from Santa Fe nearly a month before they had been accompanied by the groom prospective. He had been to Santa Fe purchasing a trousseau for his affianced, as well as his own "traps" and furniture and provisions for housekeeping, not to mention a barrel of beer, ten gallons of whisky and forty pounds of pipe tobacco for the wedding night. It was to be a great "society event" in that section of New Mexico. The groom was a white man, or, in more



DAVE ALLEN AND HIS BRIDE.

uphonious terms of contrast to the native opulation, charitably called "Mexicans," e was an "American." He was Dave Al-ia, the pioneer and only white man of the

lea, the pioneer and only white man of the section.

Dave Allen, as he is wont to introduce himself, is ever ready with his autobiography thus: "My father was Irish, my mother was Dutch, and lived in Boston; I was born 1,000 miles out on the ocean, and am an American, I served in the British army and was under Sir Colin Campbell at the relief of Lucknow. I served in the United States navy through the civil war and, after it was over, went prospecting in the mountains of Colorado and Arisona and here I am in New Mexico. I don't draw no pension from no one. I am 54 years old. I have always took keer of myself and aim to do so till my lead pinches out. Then the coyotes'll keer for me if no one don't do me as I have done a good many others out o' reach o' parsons and churchyards in my day." All this is recited aimost in a breath, with the air of well committed and rather crowded lines. The only variation of the text, I am told, it is the change of longevity numerals each has lived among Indians and Mexicans and yet he is tenaclously proud of his white blood. Until recently he has lived a bachelor. yet he is tenaclously proud of his white blood. Until recently he has lived a bachelor. Although having braved the hardships of a prospector's life and tolled industriously, he had never "cleaned up" enough from any of his prospects to warrant the luxury of awife, until he developed a rich placer claim on tilled land he had acquired here on the Chama river. This claim he sold about a year ago to a Kansas City company, retaining an interest himself. The price received elevated him to a position of comparative affluence. Straightway he began to negotiate for a helpmeet.

. Bartering for a Wife. After the custom of Mexican communities, the bride-elect never has a voice in such arrangements. Her father does the negotiating for her, just as he would for one of his acres or burros or goats. The price, or consideration, is not, however, fixed in as practical a manner, nor based at all upon any standard of value attached to the proposed article of purchase. The willy Mexican, rather, considers the ability of the would-be husband to pay. In fact, this is habitual with him and his race in all transactions; but more especially so in the bartering of his marriageable daughters. On the other hand, it is the custom, universal among his class, for the groom to invest his all in the dower of the bride and the festivities of his marriage. A wedding is equivalent, on the groom's part, to going through bankruptey. In this respect he is considered by his race as more gallant, than many Americans. But Dave Allen had prospected hard for nearly a third of a century before he marked his Chama river claim and he had developed a few 'shines' of wisdom in that time. This may account for the fact that three times he had set the wedding day and named as many brides, and three times the invited guests from all the country 'round had been disappointed in that the wedding, with its feasting and diancing and merrymaking, had not materialized. Each time the fond halibreed pater had held out at the last moment for more presents and each time old Dave had declared negotiations off. But at last he had closed the deal and his prospective father-in-law-by the way, twenty years his junior-had declared himself satisfied. Whereupon Dave set out with a mule team for Santa Fe. There he bought, himself new clothes throughout; a dark gack suit, a new sombrero, a white shirt and collar, with boots, socks, etc., in keeping. Then he purchased the "trouseau" for his affianced; bought a cookstove half a dozen chairs, a tieble and a styllsh iron enameled bed, Besides this, he bought cooking utensits and dishes. This outfit was the wonder and envy of all Rio Arriba county. There was only one other cookstove in all the region around and that had been owned and kept by a Mexican wonan for thicteen years as an ornament, shined up anew occasionally wi

The Marriage Ceremony. 6 o'clock approached the little adobe church was crowded and overflowing... There were only half a dozen seats in the building, and these were Dave's own new clasts set in a row up in front for Amer-

icans who were guests of especial honor. In them, besides some of our own party, were Mr. Edwin Walters, a Kansas City geologist, and his son, Mr. E. E. Nettleton, also of Kansas City, M. Eugene Jaccard, of Kansas City and St. Louis, and an old California miner, by name Easton, and an old friend of Dave. Half an hour before the ceremony was to commence the priest came to the church and called for Easton to interpret for him, then he called from the assembly several witnesses, who went with him to a neighboring cabin, where he and the brides father took their names and descriptions for the church records. Later, Dave was sent for, and questioned as to his religious faith. He only passed this examination with satisfaction to the priest after he had agreed that his heirs, if he should have any, might be reared in the faith of their mother, which appeared to be more acceptable from a clerical standpoint than his. These preliminaries over, the ceremony was proceeded with. The bride entered, following her father. Among Mexicans of this region the woman always walks behind rather than accompanies her escort. It was a study worthy an artist's best efforts to note the expressions of faces among the women of the neighborhood as they saw for the first time the resplendent bridal gown of white lawn, and the conventional white veil of civilization thrown over a white leghorn summer hat that Dave had bought and paid \$5 for at a Santa Fe millinery establishment. The goods for the gown Dave had selected in Santa Fe, at the cost of \$14.50, and engaged the sisters in a convent to fit and make the veil he had bought for \$4.50. Over the shoulders of the bride was thrown a black thread serapa, while she wore a neat-fitting pair of kid shoes that Dave had selected upon measurements which he had previously taken.

After the ceremony the guests all repaired to Dave's cabin, about two miles distant, where the festival was held until morning. The menu consisted of conventional brown beans, boiled 'hot' with chill or green and red pepper

and subsequent housekeeping, when in Santa Fe, two tons of wheat flour, 700 pounds of bacon, besides his forty pounds of pipe tobacco.

It was noticeable that the popular edibles were the beans and chili concarne. These dishes were partaken of, each from a tank, from which they were dipped by means of pancakes turned up at the edges and formed into a scoop to convey the half-liquid viands to the mouths of banqueters. It is only the well-to-do who usually dine with pancakes in lieu of knives and forks, and the ordinary classes, except on state occasions, dip up and eat their bean-pepper porridge by means of rough chips of wood. The liquors were drunk from rude but more or less artistic ollas (oyers). As the feasters became naturally merry, several of these earthen vessels were broken during the night, and what had remained in them was lost. But such little mishaps did not cast any gloom over the occasion, as long as the happy Mexicans saw more awalting their pleasure.

The next day the village was practically deserted, as to outward appearances, and Old Dave and his pretty young bride began their pleasure.

Before I left I saw Dave several times. He seemed happy, and smiled as he told me that his "little woman" was getting American ways "mighty fast." He said she could sit on a chair, cook on his stove, and was learning to read and write. I was amused at this latter, for I had seen a letter written by Dave in which he said: "Deer Bur:—I rote tu you," etc. But he was pleased and satisfied. He further informed me that he had got to practice sleeping on bed springs he "sposed" before then, or he would be "drifting" into trouble, as those springs on that new-fangled bed he bought in Santa Fe "allus" made him think his "timbering had caved in," and so he laid boards over them "just to sleep natural."

GEORGE HOBART VINING.

ave been preferred against a cer for preaching the gospel.

President York, who has received the charge, said that the roundsman had no business to preach the gospel while on duty. He acknowledged having received unfriendly letters from persons who first called attention to the fact that Nesbitt was a preacher. These letters were not in the form of charges, but had hastened the trial of the clergyman in uniform.

"I believe that a man can preach the gospel more by precept and example than by any form of sermon and prayer," said the Rev. Mr. Nesbitt, as he stood by his horse in Wakefield last evening, ready to swing into the saddle for a long patrol tour across country through the sleet and snow. "I never broach the subject of religion to the men under me, as it is a violation of cer for preaching the gospel.



THE REV. MR. WILLIAM NESBITT, ROUNDSMAN.

the rules. I never try to force my bellef down any one's throat. I have been holding a strict reign of discipline over the men. Some one has taken offense and circulated false reports about me by sending anonymous letters to the police board."

Roundsman Nesbitt explained that he led evangelistic services in Grace Methodist church in Wakefield on Sunday evening. January 15. The church people had begged him to preach for them. He told them it would be impossible. On that Sunday evening his beat led by the door of the little church. He was unable to resist the temptation to enter. He tethered his horse and went in. There for ten minutes he addressed the fock, telling them that by the will of God he belleved it his duty to continue on his round. A short prayer was offered and the policeman-preacher left the church for his post.

A quiet jubilee, says the London Tele-A quiet jubilee, says the London Telegraph, has just been celebrated in Vienna by an Austrian technical professor. Dr. Emanuel Herrmann, on the thirtieth anniversary of his invention of the postcard. It seems that his idea of an open stamped card was immediately accepted by the then Austrian post director, when first presented, and the card rapidly found its way to England. Germany, France, America and Japan. In the first month after its introduction 1.000,000 postcards were printed in Austria, a number that has since increased to 130,000,000 annually in that country. Dr. Herrmann made nothing out of his idea.

An Obitaary Notice.

London Nature notes:

Recently, deeply lamented, at Lyndhurst, Hants, the emu, formerly the property of the Hon. Gerald Luscelles. As its death is stated to have been caused by swallowing a screw of tobacco stolen from a workman's coat pocket, this fatality is a sad example at once of the misuse of tobacco and of the neglect of the laws of meum and tuum.

SCIENCE IN HOME LIFE.

urs. Van Rennselaer Contrasts the Methods of a Hundred Years Ago and Those of To-day.

Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, in an article on how fashionable mothers of the present day bring up their children, says: "The management and care of children is a different matter in these days from what it was in the beginning of the century. But the whole mode of living and almost that of thinking has changed. In many instances it has improved.

"The child of the fashionable woman in 1800 was treated much as was the cele-



MR. ARIOCH WENTWORTH.



MR. FRANCIS H. PEABODY.

ally there were a dozen) were put in the large bed.

"The youngsters in the trundle were told that if they did not keep quiet and go to sleep that the nurse would push them under their big neighbor, a threat that added terror to the darkness of the night.

"A fashionable mother of to-day takes a different view of her responsibilities than did her grandmother. Children are taken seriously, and brought up under sharply defined rules of hygiene, education and manners. Nurseries are arranged with every modern convenience for heat and ventilation.

manners. Nurseries are arranged with every modern convenience for heat and ventilation.

"Soft carpets cover the floor, pictures are chosen to train the eye of the infant to appreciate form and color. Under the advice of the doctor, nutritious food is selected, clothing is made on scientific principles to assist in the proper development of the body, the mind is educated by the kindergarten system by almost imperceptible degrees, so that study becomes a delight and not a task.

"Even the most fashionable woman must devote some time in her busy day to superintending the servants and tutors she selects to care for her child. The handsomely dressed mother who sees that her childers are as comfortably and appropriately dressed as herself, and who shares all their joys and sympathizes in their sorrows, becomes the fairy godmother and not the stern arbitrator of fate.

"There are exceptions to all rule and fashionable women may be careless mothers, but if the lives of the greater part of them were closely followed and contrasted with those of their grandmothers, it would probably be found that the mother's instincts have triumphed over all other considerations, and that the welfare of children is even more highly studied than ever before."

Satisfactory Excuse.

Satisfactory Excuse.

From the Detroit Free Press.
"I suppose some of those stories from the West are exaggerated, but this I saw myself." The speaker was a reliable De-troit lawyer, who first tested his profes-sional fortunes in Northern Missouri. with my head. I would not be a Micawber slonal fortunes in Northern Missouri.

"Everything else being anywhere near equal out there in those days, the man who was the best rifle shot had the most enviable popularity. Scott and Bills were two rival marksmen in the village where I practiced, and their jealousy of each other was so great that it was frequently predicted that they would some time turn loose on each other. Scott was elected justice of the peace, and at the time of this incident was having a jury trial in which I was employed. Bills had been subpoceased as a witness, but did not appear. I declined to proceed without him. After fuming and saying unbecoming things from the bench, the court ordered that Bills be brought in, dead or alive. He can't show no contemp' fur this court and git away with it, and the squire hit the table a resounding blow.

"He won't come," reported the constable a few minutes later, 'and he says all the officers in Missourey can't bring him, ne'ther.

"To a shootin' raffle out to the edge of the town.

"To a shootin' raffle? Why warn't this court noterfied? Case is adjourned. Git my rifle, officer, and then apolergize to Bills, or the durned critter 'll be tellin' I was fur puttin' the law on him so he couldn't make a record. Course he wouldn't come.'

"Cohen I." of Europe.

"Cohen I." of Europe.

A German aristocrat and land-owner, Count Puckler, has published an anti-Semite pamphlet that is being widely circulated in his native province of Silesia, says the London Morning Leader. According to the count. "the Jews have their secret friends and tools in all courts, cabinets and ministries. The thrones of emperors and kings already begin to totter, and the time is not far distant when the Jewish usurper will be proclaimed, and Cohen I. will ascend the throne of Europe."

Disconcerting Candor.

Prom the Chicago News.

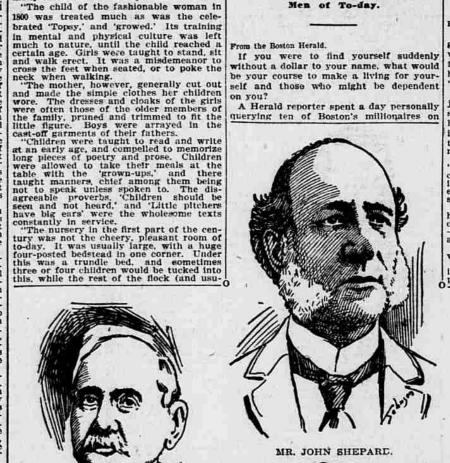
He—"And so your brother Dick told you Leader a complex home with him?" Tall the first thing I could get to do. It wouldn't make any odds what the work was, and afterwards, as soon as I had secured some sort of basis, I would enter the field that I was best adapted to.

Charles Francis Adams—Gracious! At my age. Why, I wouldn't be in it. Scrape a living some way, I suppose, either on my relatives or from municipal charity. At my age a man would be of comparatively little use in beginning life all over again. Even President Ellot of Harvard university, with all his ability, at his age, wouldn't be in it as a teacher in competition with young men. After a man gets past 50, he isn't in it in the game of hustle.

From the Chicago News.

He—"And so your brother Dick told you
I was coming home with him? Tell me,
won't you, whether I look like what you
thought I would or not?"
She—"Oh, I didn't think anything about
that. All young boys look alike to me,

The Replies of These Ten Eminently Successful Business Men Are of Peculiar Interest to Young Men of To-day.







MR. CHARLES PRANCIS ADAMS.

the above question. Appended are their

lions in the marble business, and who was, 75 years ago, a barefooted boy up in Dover, N. H .- "It's rather a tough prop-Theodore Parker and His Wife.

The predicament you mention, and if it tell you what I would do. I'd use every effort to make a beginning in some mercantile or mechanical business. I think to omany young men seek the professions nowadays and a successful professional man never secures the independence that a successful business man secures. Take a successful business man secures. The is obliged to preach to suit his swell congregation or get out. Therefore, he never acquires the independence of a successful business man, who may, when he acquires a competitive travel and see the world. I would tisse cherty, honesty, system and econy only. I would educate my hands to work with my head. I would not be a Micawber, waiting for something to turn up, but I would make circumstances to suit myself. I would be, as I have been in the past. a good paymaster—never put ut for off the payment of a bill that could find someone who knew more than I did not half and orestain matters that I was interested in, and use his ideas. As soon as I would find someone who knew more than I did not be approached to be abled to do so. I would travel much and keep the mind clear and unprejuded. If I needed anything done, I would personally attend to it if possible."

J. Montgomery Sears—Really, my dear sir, I would do. Try to hunt up a little capital some way, and go into some business that required but a small investment of money.

Prancis H. Peabody of Kidder, Peabody & Co.—I think my course in such as asses would be decided greatly by accident. Accident shapes our carcers to a large extent. When I was 14 years old. I had arranged to learn the carpenters ing trade, but just at that time there came a vacancy in a Springrield bank, and thus I got into the banking business.

Henry I. Higgingen of Lee, Higginson the even confided to me of his wife side-ernment of the provided provided to me a breakfast cup upon the importance of the more and the provided to the confidence of his wife side-ernment of a bill that could be accided greatly by accid old. Allow me to be 21 years old again, and in the predicament you mention, and I'll tell you what I would do. I'd use Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in March Atlantic.

John Shepard of Shepard & Norwell-I would get right to work as soon as possible in the dry goods business.

thought I would or not?"
She—"Oh, I didn't think anything about that. All young boys look alike to me, anyway."
On the following day he sold his concert tickets to a speculator for half price.

A Point About Applause.

From the Yonkers Statesman.
Sue Brette—"Does not applause denote pleasure in an audience?"
I notice you always get more applause when you go off the stage than when you come on."

sible in the dry goods business.

Benjamin P. Cheney—Instead of waiting for something to turn up, I would endeaver to get a position of almost any kind, and, having found work, would try to force myself to the front, and be at least as good a man it my line as any one else. Having secured a sort of basis, as it were, I would endeavor to find out what particular kind of work I was fitted for, and, at the first opportunity offered, would take that work up. By concentration and economy I would endeaver to push myself to the front in my business. I would always keep in mind two things, attention to

BOSTON MILLIONAIRES TELL WHAT
THEY WOULD DO.

business and economy. A man without money can have almost as much practical capital if he has the personality as one with money. This personality may be achieved parity from the unique and able conduct of one's business. In such a method is friendly capital often allied. I would always endeaver to be looking ahead for possibilities.

Henry M. Whitney-I would take the first job that offered.

SUICIDE "A LA SMART." If You Would Shuffle Off the Mortal

Coll, Do It Aesthetically.

From the New York Herald. The fashion papers, which give us house gowns, outdoor costumes, theater gowns, visiting gowns, evening costumes and, in act, costumes for every and all occasions have left out one very particular one, the suicide costume."

The most feministic organ of the day has ust published a protest against this omission. With a delicacy without parallel it has even taken the trouble to point out to has even taken the trouble to point out to its readers the "smartest" way of committing suicide, and describing the costume most appropriate for the occasion.

"The smartest suicide," it goes on to say, "is that which has no disfiguring afterconsequences, which presents no terrifying effects on those who make the discovery, and which, above all else, leaves no stain upon the carpet.

There must be no more jumping from high monuments, polsoning, infernal machines, drowning, hanging, chloroforming—in a word, none of the old-fashioned and accepted methods of committing suicide.

"Well, then," the seeker will ask, "what way is left for us?"

The following: "If one is very aesthetic in one's tastes, and endowed with the supreme courage of going out of the world



MR. HENRY LEE HIGGINSON.



MR. B. P. CHENEY.

in a comme-il-faut and elegant manner, then the best way is to inject into the limbs the contents of a Pravaz syringe filled with morphine."

The thing is done, in an economical, safe, rapid and proper way, and, most important of all, without any suffering. All those who have tried this method have found it very efficacious.

FIGURE 1 FUN MING. SAMIFSUM.

Handsome Loving Cup Given Her By the Captains of Her Husband's Fleet.

From the New York Herald.

Captains of Admiral Sampson's fleet prefound it very efficacious. those who have tried this method have found it very efficacious.

The tollet for this method of suicide which has been most fashionable this winter has been, for women:

"A light colored full robe of some filmsy stuff, the head resting on a pile of pillows—one arm hanging down, both hands covered with finger rings. Turkish slippers on the feet, flowing hair, and over the heart a 2 cent bunch of withered violets."

For men: "A suit of pajamas—seated at a table, in an easy chair. Before the suicide, an open book (preferably one given to pessimistic philosophy—Werther' is used for this purpose), or else a sheet of blank paper, upon which the subject has started to jot down some thought, the sequence of which is broken and faltering."

Now the only thing that remains to make this "smart suicide" a possibility is an agency which will furnish the whole outfit at a moderate price to those who are not lucky enough to own the necessary accessories.

Theodore Parker and His Wife.

Cadet W. Kelly,



COULDN'T FIND HIS IDEAL.

and Failing, This New York City Drug Clerk Took Poison and Died.

From the New York Press.

Apparently because he was unable to get for his wife a woman who was his ideal of what a woman should be, Edgar Gesecus committed suicide yesterday in the board-ing house at No. 117 First avenue. He

drank carbolic acid.

Gesecus was about 28 years old. He came from Germany in December last. He was educated, fairly good looking, and, according to a story he told, expected to inherit a fortune. He obtained a position as clerk in a wholesale drug house at No. 292 Bow-

The one thing he wanted to make him happy was a German girl. Knowing none, he consulted the German papers and answered the advertisment of Mrs. Werton's matrimonial agency at No. 110 East Eighty seventh street. To her he told of his expected inheritance, and said until that arrived he would be dependent upon his salary, and that he wished to marry a poor girl. He said that she also must be good looking, affectionate and good natured.

Mrs. Werton said she knew such a girl, and a few days later invited him to meet her. Gesecus saw her and said she would not do.

and a few days later invited him to meet her. Gesecus saw her and said she would not do.

"She's too stylish," said he. "She would be an extravagant wife."

Mrs. Werton found him girls who were not so stylish, but they were too plain. What he wanted was a pretty girl who had no desire to add to her attractiveness by gay attire. It was a hard task to find one. On Thursday night he was to have met another maiden willing to be his bride. She was, according to the matrimonial agent, just his ideal. She was a cook in a private family, pretty, plump and as plain in dress as a Quakeress. Gesecus did not keep the engagement. Instead he took from the drug house a bottle of carbolic acid.

At 5 o'clock yesterday morning another boarder heard groans in Gesecus' room and notified Francis Tallouitz, who kept the house, that Gesecus was in a bad way. The door was broken open. Gesecus was alive and conscious, but in great pain. An ambulance was sent for. Before it arrived Gesecus was left alone for a minute, and it is thought he drank more of the acid. When the ambulance reached the house he was dead.

Among Gesecus' effects was found a

dead.

Among Gesecus' effects was found a diary which told of his efforts to obtain a wife. The diary was written in German in handwriting so small that it required the aid of a microscope to read it. The diary told that his home was in Mecklenburg.

The few friends he had say he had grown despondent over his failure to obtain a wife. Mrs. Werton says his real and true ideal was waiting for him on Thursday night.

PHOTOS IN BICYCLE WHEELS. Girls Have a New and Unique Place for Pictures of Their Ad-

mirers.

From the New York Press.

"Screens decorated with photographs, by common consent, were relegated long since to the dusty obscurity of the garret or the mildewed isolation of the cellar," says the photographer who studies fads; "but pho-tographs will accumulate, and women find it necessary to exhibit some of them at least. So there has arisen a fertile genius it necessary to exhibit some of them at least. So there has arisen a fertile genius with a fad for displaying photographs on the boudoir wall gracefully distributed between the spokes of a bleycle wheel. however, will suffice. If it is a young woman, with matrimonial prospects more or less immediate, or a maiden in the first throes of hope, she must show her pictures in a wheel from her best young man's bicycle. If she is married, then she must use a wheel which has revolved in century runs. This is an effective ornament and permits the exhibition of thirty or more favorite pictures.

"Another fad has brought it about that many young men who last year were wearing beards have faces as smooth as eggs this year. Their adornments have been sucrificed to the fad in question. The end of the century young woman must have three photographs of her swain. Picture No. 1 must show him in all the splendor and dignity of a full beard. Picture No. 2 reveals his manly beauty polished of only by a mustache. Picture No. 3 presents him entirely divested of all whiskers."

PRESENT FOR MRS. SAMPSON.

sented to Mrs. Sampson a handso loving cup. The presentation took place on board the flagship New York, lying off Tompkinsville, S. I., in the presence of seventy-five invited guests and the officers of

the ship. The cup is twelve inches high and eight The cup is twelve inches high and eight inches across the top, with two handles in the shape of dolphins. It rests on the forward turrets of the destroyed Spanish ships Maria Teresa, Vizcaya, Almiranto Quendo and Cristobal Colon, whose names are engraved on the prows, which are the only parts of the hulls shown. On one side of the cup is a scene of the Santiago fight, representing the American ships passing the Maria Teresa and Almirante Oquendo on the shore. On the reverse side is this: "Presented to Mrs. William T. Sampson by the commanding officers serving under husband, Rear Admiral Sampson, in



LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO MRS. SAMPSON.

1898, during the war between the United States and Spain, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera off Santlago, Cuba, on the glorious 3d of July, 1898, as a token of their high regard and esteem for Admiral Sampson's professional qualities as a commander-in-chief and in loving remembrance of the uniform kindness, consideration and courtesy which characterized his bearing toward them in all their official intercourse."

courtesy which characterized his bearing toward them in all their official intercourse."

The presentation was made by Commodore Francis J. Higginson. He said: "This testimonial the contributors desire to present to you as a token of their personal affection and esteem for your husband as a man, and also in token of their great respect and admiration for the great ability displayed by him as commander-in-chief. One of our pleasantest recollections is the uniform consideration and countesy with which we were always received by the admiral in all our official intercourse with him. He gave to those who came in contact with him a bright and shining example of how great authority may be wielded without loss of dignity, and in a manner to win the affection of his subordinates. We, therefore, beg of you to accept from our hands this loving cup, which is full of affection for your husband, and, whatever official or civic honor may be showered upon him by a grateful country, rest assured, dear madame, that none can be more sincere or more heartfelt than the feeling which has prompted the donors of this cup."

Silver Cradles for Mayors. Bays the Westminster Gazette: Silver cradles for mayors who have "interesting events" in their homes are now generally recognized. Bath and Leamington are recent examples, and yesteday Coventry gave such an article to its mayor., Dr. Webb Fowler is the youngest occupant of the civic chair in the 600 years the city has been incorporated, and there is no record of any previous chief magistrate of that city getting a cradie.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"Say, Brooks, old boy, do you think that there's such a thing as insomnia being contagious?"

"Why, I'm sure of it. My next door neighbor's baby has had it for the last three weeks, and I can't sleep a wink at nights now."

HAS CAPTURED LONDON

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON WRITES OF EUGENE WARE.

In the New York World He Tells How London Has Rend and Appreclated "Ironquill's"

Verses.

London has discovered and is celebrating another American poet who is "without honor in his own country." We have all read in all the newspapers this little thing by "Ironquill," or Eugene Ware, of To-

"Oh, Dewey was the morning
Upon the first of May,
And Dewey was the Admiral
Down in Manila Bay;
And Dewey were the Regent's eyes,
Them' orbs of royal blue,
And Dewey we feel discouraged?
I Dow not think we Dew."

But how many of us know that Eugene Ware has written a whole volume of hu-morous verse, and that it has passed through nine editions? How many know that it has created a "sensation" in Lon-don, and that an edition has been issued there with copious annotations, designed to enlighten the British intelligence as to the subtleties of American jocularity? That of itself is smile-provoking.

of itself is smile-provoking.

Here a great many people must have bought the book—otherwise it would not now be in its ninth edition. But here its author has not been in any public way recognized as a humorist or poet of importance. In London his name is celebrated and his humor everywhere talked about. Just as London discovered Joaquin Miller for us and taught us to appreciate him, so it has now discovered "Ironquill" and



EUGENE WARE.

given us a new lesson in the literature of our own land.

It is time, therefore, for us to appre-ciate such clever things as "The Palin-drome:"

Sat a gray and thoughtful soldier By his summer Kansas home; Came and spoke his freckled nephew, "Uncle, what's a palindrome?"

Smoked the soldier then in silence, Wistfully he looked afar, Then at last he spoke and answered: "Raw was I ere I saw waR."

Spoke the nephew: "War and armies Threaten not our Kansas home; Do not fight those battles over— Tell me what's a palindrome." Slow replied the grizzled soldier,
"Raw was I ere I saw walk,"
Read it backward, read it forward,
That is what the words are for."

"Life's a palindrome, my nephew— You may run it either way: Life, from either age or childhood, Comes and goes from clay to clay.

"It is but a funny riddle
With a simple thread of truth;
We can read it up from chidhood,
Then can read it back to youth. "Honest acts and honest thinking

There is another poem called "Whist, which reads as follows:

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffed. And fairly dealt, but atill I got no hand; The morning came, and with a mind unruffed, I only said, "I do not understand." Life is a game of whiat; from unseen sources The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt; Blind are our efforts to control the forces, That, though unseen, are no less atrongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled.
But yet I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I unruffled
Play what I get until the break of day.
Obviously, the poet does not understand
himself. His London adventure is distinctly an interference with the shuffling,
and not at all a manifestation of content
with such cards in life as the shuffle may
award him. He has manifestly profited
by Saxe's report of the experience of a
"gaming sinner," which runs as follows:
In this here bis'ness, as in any other

In this here birness, as in any other By which a chap an honest living earns, You don't get all the science from your mother, But as you follers it you lives and learns.

And I, from bein' much behind the curtain, And gettin' often very badly stuck, Finds out at last there's nothin' so uncertain As trusting cards and everything to luck. And so you see which naterally enhances
The faith in fortune that I used to feel.
I takes good care to regulate the chances
And always has a finger in the deal.
In inviting London criticism to tell his
countrymen what they ought to think of
his work, Mr. Ware has taken very excellent care to "regulate the chances" by having "a finger in the deal."
And his work is well worth while.

One of the great Mahommedan festivals is Hirkai Sherif, or the Veneration of the Prophet's Mantle, which falls on our 7th of January. On that day the sultan, in his capacity of Khalif, or head of Isjam, goes to the Palace of Top-Kapou, at Seraglio point, to venerate the sacred relic. The mantle of the prophet is inclosed in a large silver box, and over it are placed if the shawls of great value. The sulfan alone has the right to remove the shawls and see the mantle, but as yet he has not done it. He merely raises the ends of the first few and places his hand there, while the viziers, ministers and high state officals defile before him. On this day he distributes to the faithful silk handkerchiefs inscribed with verses from the Koran. This year the ceremony passed without unusual incident. The Prophet's Mantel.

New Fad in Osculation. On the lower left-hand corner of the fourth page of a new kind of stationery affected by those decirous of employing a novel messenger of love is a "kissing spot," about the size of a quarter, and covered with an aromatic gum which gives



out an agreeable odor when the lips are pressed to it. The paper which bears this imprint of affection is known as "lovers' stationery" and is of delicate shades, and when held to the light the water-mark is seen to be the appropriate emblem of two hearts transfixed by an arrow.